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TAKEN ON TRIAL

The man whirled about. "I'll try you for a week," he snapped, "and your pay will be \$10." The girl passed on her way to the door.

"Thank you," she said. "I expect to make myself worth more than that."

When he came down the next morning and tramped into his office, he found the girl seated at her table, her brown head bent over her work. He was just a little surprised to find her there. Persons he had engaged had a way of promising to come back and failing to do so. He knew that he was to blame for this, and he rather gloried in the thought. But here was this strange girl at her place and looking as if she meant to stay there. She was a neat-looking girl. Her hair was tidy and there was a bit of white about her neck that softened the effect of the black frock. And in a little vase in front of her was a flower—a red flower of some kind—a flower he told himself, that looked strangely out of place in the dingy room.

And then the man suddenly stared about him. Both the windows were open, and they were clean, and the sunshine was streaming in. And there was a general air of freshness about the place that was quite amazing—and the odor of cleanliness was fairly pungent.

"Good morning," said she sweetly. This girl was going altogether too far. What did she mean by taking such liberties? He would show her that he was not the sort of man that could be imposed upon. No doubt she had been spoiled in the office of her father—her dead father.

He looked up. The girl was standing by the desk.

"The men from the telephone company will be here at ten o'clock to arrange for moving the 'phone," she said, "and the typewriter is being put in order. Do you feel the draught from the windows?"

He growled an inarticulate word or two and the girl turned away.

"Oh," she said and turned back. "Mary, the woman who cleans, asked me to tell you that she wasn't in any way responsible for the improved appearance of the office. She said she was quite willing to let me take all the credit. It seems much nicer here, doesn't it?"

Here was his chance to assert his authority. But, strange to say, the only form of expression his anger took was another vicious slam of the much suffering private drawer.

The girl brought new methods into the business, the labor-saving and time-saving devices he had despised. And with the departure of the old-fashioned methods his old-fashioned brusqueness seemed to depart, too. Customers who had been offended at his irritability and plain speaking came back. The business was in better shape than ever.

"I'm losing my grip," he growled to himself. "I don't know anybody who fears me. And yet, confound it, the old house seems to have a new lease of prosperity. If only Robert—"

He had been thinking a good deal about his son. No doubt it was another proof of his fatuous weakness. He arose suddenly and took the va-

cant chair by the girl's table. "Miss Morris," he abruptly said. "I'm troubled."

"Not about the business, Mr. Thurber?"

"No, the business is all right. Perhaps, if it wasn't, I could keep my thoughts on it. It is my son Robert who bothers me."

"Yes, Mr. Thurber."

"But you don't ask me why?"

"I know something about the story, sir. You disagreed. Your son felt that you were treating him like a child. He rebelled. You drove him away."

"It is all quite true," said the man. "It's very hard for me to think I was wrong. Robert was a good boy. Perhaps I forgot that he had grown to be a man."

The girl leaned forward. "Mr. Thurber," he said, "what is my position here?"

He looked at her blankly.

"I hardly know," he answered. "I will have to think it out. Is there any special title you want?"

She smiled.

"Let me be your confidential adviser for just a moment or two," she said. "You told Robert you would never call him back."

"Yes."

"Will you let me call him?"

He sat down at her.

"Let you call him? Do you think he will come?"

"I am sure he will."

"Then you know Robert?"

"Yes. I knew him before I came here. I talk with him every day. He drew his breath sharply. "Is this a game?" he demanded.

"It's a game in which the happiness of three persons is at stake," the girl answered.

"And you came here to—tame me?"

"I came here because I promised to marry Robert, and I wanted his father's consent."

And the girl leaned forward, waiting.

Presently he looked toward her. Then he pointed with a shaking hand at the phone.

"Ring him up," he said.

The Japanese government has placed an order in England for an entire gun factory.

Just Wanted to Be.

Mollie's mother is a Christian Scientist, and six-year-old Mollie has been mentally "healed" more than once. Usually she's pleasantly unconcerned. But one day recently came rebellion. She had been "naughty" and had not yet repented. And mother, all unmindful for once of the power of mind over matter, sat gazing at her daughter in plain, what-shall-I-do-next despair. But Mollie interpreted that gaze differently. For several seconds she wriggled in obvious discomfort under it. Then she straightened up and looked her mother squarely in the eye. "Now, mamma, stop it!" she cried, sharply. "You needn't try any more of your absent treatment on me! I tell you I'm bad and I want to be bad!"

Turn About.

"What!" shouts the patron of the restaurant. "Fifteen dollars for coffee and rolls? It's outrageous. I won't pay it."

"Yes, you will," calmly states the proprietor. "My wife went into your millinery shop yesterday and paid \$50 for some wire frame, covered with two feet of lace and an artificial rose. Now you see how it feels, don't you?"

—Judge

Letters of Interest Found.

The Universalist church in Gloucester has discovered what it considers a priceless treasure in an old leak once the property of John Murray, the father of the faith in this country. The piece of furniture was about to be thrown away when a member of the parish committee, in rummaging through the drawers, found letters proving its identity. Murray came to this country in 1770, and later joined the revolutionary forces as chaplain. He was compelled to resign on account of ill health, and returned to Gloucester, where he founded the present church—Springfield Republican.

Ella Gingles at Left, Her Sister Elizabeth at Right



HIS CHANCE TO BE A MAN

Pickert pulled his slouch hat still further down over his eyes, and looked stealthily at the store as he shuffled past. But in that glance he had seen all that he needed to finish his report. He had walked this way before.

The Captain was a strict man, and if a report did not please him, Pickert well knew that he was not the one to show any leniency in his dealings with the offender. But he was confident that his report this time could not fail to please his superior.

It was not infrequently that Pickert wished that he could leave it all. The desire to be honest again would almost master him at times, but when he had about made up his mind, the thought would come to him that there was no other place for him in life.

Who would give employment to a man wearing such rags as he was obliged to wear, and on whose face the deeds of the last two years had not failed to leave their marks?

No, it was no use to try to be decent once more. He got enough from the spoils to keep body and soul together, and though that was about all, it was better than not being able to have even a crust and shelter.

The Captain dressed well—almost elegantly. He did not take an active part in the affairs which his men carried on in the night. He only superintended the business—it was by far the safer way—yet to him fell the maximum share of the ill-gotten gains.

Once Pickert had been honored and respected, but that was before he had left his home for the west. Not finding the gold which had lured him there, he had drifted back to an eastern city, and had fallen in with bad company, and eventually, not having a cent left, he had joined the Captain's band.

Since that time he had tried to thrust all thoughts of his old home from his mind, but despite his efforts it was impossible.

Pickert hated the small, dingy room under the eaves which he was obliged to call home, and to-day he dreaded more than ever to return to it. Just now he could not help thinking of the home of his boyhood days and his mother who had loved and trusted him. He had left her with-

Practical.

Owing to his extreme youth and timidity Tommy escaped going to church the whole year around, except on Christmas day. After one of his annual visits his uncle asked him at the dinner table if he had been a good boy and said a prayer in church.

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered Tommy. "I said a prayer like all the rest did just before the sermon began. Want to hear it?"

"Yes, indeed. What did you say?" replied the surprised uncle.

"Now I lay me down to sleep!" said Tommy.

Just an Ordinary Kansas Man.

A Kansas woman, while in New York last summer with her husband, visited Lake Chautauqua. She wanted a veil, and held out her hand to her husband for money. He just laid his pocketbook in her hand, and walked unconcernedly around the store.

"My," ejaculated the clerk, "and he never asked you how much you wanted nor what you were going to do with it. You ought to hear the arguments that they get into right here some times when a woman asks a man for money. My, but you ought to be thankful to have a husband like that."

"Oh, I don't know," she returned, nonchalantly. "He is just a Kansas man. That's the style out there."—Kansas City Journal.

Fad for Clean Money.

There is a fad at present for disdaining dirty money and seeing to it that one's purse contains only bills and coins that are immaculate. Fresh, clean bills can be procured from the bank, where soiled ones will be taken in exchange, but clean silver is another matter, and those who follow fads must either accomplish it themselves or by instructing their maids to do it for them. The silver is washed in a strong solution of soap suds and ammonia, scrubbed with a brush and polished with a chamois, the result being glistening coins in cleanly enough condition to suit the most fastidious.

A Failure.

"Has your son had any success as a lawyer?"

"Well, no, to tell the truth, he hasn't. He has been practicing now for nearly eleven years and he has never been elected to the legislature or been appointed receiver for anything or even become president of any railroad company. It begins to look as if he may have to eke out a living just practicing law."

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BISBEE LODGE DIRECTORY

MASONIC CALENDAR FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 31ST, 1909.

Monday—
 Tuesday—
 Wednesday—Blue, Second.
 Thursday—
 Friday—
 Saturday—Blue, Third.

H. W. JORGENSEN, W. M.
M. C. RYNDOLDS, H. P.
N. C. BLISSON, E. C.
W. R. HANKS, Secretary.

L. O. R. M.
 Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock in Pythian Castle. All visiting Red Men welcome.
JOE MAFFEO, Sachem.
F. C. FENDERSON, C. of P.
M. D. COHN, Medicine Man.

Sonora Lodge No. 23, I. O. O. F.
 Cananea, Mexico, meets every Monday at 8 p. m. in Masonic Hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited.

HARRY JENNINGS, Noble Grand.
W. E. DRUMMOND, Secretary. 618

DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH
 Lodge No. 3 meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Main Street, first and third Friday evenings of each month.
MRS. FLORENCE FOSTER, Noble Grand.
MRS. MAUD PERRY, Secretary.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
 Rathbone Lodge, No. 19, Knights of Pythias, meet the first, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month in Pythian Castle.
 Visiting brothers cordially invited.
LOUIS HORVITZ, C. C.
J. C. KRIGBAUM, K. of R. S.

Woodmen of the World meet at Pythian Castle the second and fourth Monday of each month. Visiting brothers invited to attend.
L. C. COOK, C. C.
C. N. THOMAS, Clerk.

S. P. O. ELKS
 Bisbee Lodge, No. 671, meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall.
 Visiting brothers cordially invited.
M. A. PETERSON, Exalted Ruler.
Joseph S. McEwen, Secretary.

Bisbee Lodge, No. 18, I. O. O. F.
 meets every Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend.
JOSEPH F. LIPPERT, N. G.
F. J. ATTAWAY, Secretary.

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